

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the landing in England in 1554 of Philip of Spain, who came as the husband of Mary (Bloody Mary). His fanatical Church of Rome views made him distasteful to the English. It was Philip who launched the armada against England during the follow-

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Betty Makes a Lovely Bride, and Jim Refuses to Ride Home in Anthony's Car

By Anne Lisle.

CHAPTER CLI. (Copyright, 1919, King Features

Syndicate, Inc.) TETTY'S wedding was like no

about or seen. But it was lovely and sacred and sweet, in spite of the fact that it took place in a little hospital room. The room was a bower-a garden.

The guests were Virginia and Tony-as I seem somehow to be calling Anthony Norreys these days -Miss Moss, Dr. Lucas and the Matron and the Head Nurse of Greyfriars' Hall. Jim gave the bride away, and I-as "Matron of Honor"-bore a wonderful cluster of American Beauties on one arm, while I sat on the edge of the bed and supported Betty with the other. Terry knelt reverently on cushions at the side of the bed.

The minister's voice sounded like a muted golden bugle. As he finished speaking the late afternoon sun came in through the window to kiss the bride.

Then Terry leaned forward and drew Betty away from me and held her gently and proudly to his heart, and I knew that I had my reward for keeping silence and letting him have his brief perfection of happiness. Dr. Lucas' eyes caught mine in what seemed a question. I could not meet them. I dared not trust him to be kind-only stern. After a few minutes the doctor

ordered us all from the room. "May I stay, sir-or will it be too much for her?" asked Terry, ready to sacrifice even his first sacred minutes alone with Betty if it were for her good. "Half an hour now. A few min-

utes again at 8," ordered the doc-"Let him stay an hour," pleaded "I've such a lot to say to

"Half an hour," repeated the doctor, inexorably Terry smiled and stopped to lay his hand on Betty's hair.

Praise From Terry. in the world, dear," I heard him murmur, as we filed from the room. "And I'd like to stay and stay and

just look and look at you. But we have all the rest of our lives---Then I-the last to leave-had to shut the door behind me and follow the other guests to the waiting room. And there, behold! A table set with white damask and gleam-

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Cannot Marry the Man She Loves.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a stenographer, twenty-one, and find that one of the young men for-merly employed here is very much in love with me. I am in love with a certain young man, but for a very good reason cannot marry him. Would you consider it wise for me to continue going with the one who cares for me course I do not love him, but I like him as a friend, and I am sure he would make an ideal husband. He makes a very fine living and promises a good home for myself and my mother. He has asked me several times, but I always put him off. shall act upon your decision

If you accept the attentions of the young man who cares about you. I should make up my mind to play absolutely "fair and square" with him. Don't marry him for a home, and don't pretend to love him if you do not. But, realizing his good qualities, I think it not improbable that you may learn to love him, if you put the young man you cannot marry for "a good reason" out of your mind.

He Does Not Believe Her. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and really and truly love a man sixteen years my senior, yet I can't make him believe I do. He tells me that he thinks I'm only fool-ing him and that because I'm so much younger than himself that I would not always love him. And I wish you would please advise me as to how I can make him believe I do, and also tell me if it is proper for a girl to give up other boy friends just because she leves one friend, but yet is not e gaged? NELLIE.

When a girl tells a man she loves him and he declines to believe her, it is usually because it is more convenient for him to assume the role of a "doubting Thomas." In this case I should say the man perhaps does not return your affection and he takes this source of gracefully evading the issue. No, I should not give up my boy friends unless you had something more to go on than this man's waving aside of the situation.

She May Invite Him to a

DEAR MISS PAIRPAX Please inform me if it is a breach of eliquette for a girl to ask a young man of her acquaintance to escort he to a dance or any place of amusement excluding leap year. DOROTHY S. It is all right for a girl to invite

a young man to a dance, but she should not, however, ask him to take her to the theater, or any place costing money-unless she is very forward.

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS:

Germans," by H. Irving Hancock, 18 vigorous book, written by one gelight by all the young readers who have followed the fortunes of the heroes through the previous backs of this series. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Price 60

ing china and silver, a coffee urn singing and tiny sandwiches and cakes blinking up invitingly. "Shall I take them some sandwiches and coffee?" twittered Miss

The matron patter her gently on the shoulder. "Bless your heart, Mossie, a body can casy see you've never been married," said she, bridling a little to-

Moss. "And an eggnog for her?"

ward Dr. Lucas and Tony. "The bride! Her health and happiness," cried Jim, raising his coffee "The groom! His happicup high. ness and health."

Everyone laughed and drank. Under cover of the toast, Dr. Lucas crossed to my side. "Captain Winston takes it very

well-like a soldier," he said. "Is there anything I'd better make clear I mustered my courage and looked

him full in the eyes. "Please, Doctor, don't say a word. It wouldn't do a bit of good for Captain Winston to know morethan I've told him. He adores her. He would have married her if she had been doomed to lie in that bed all her life. Promise me you'll just fight for her-and not say anything more to him." The doctor studied me atten-

tively for a moment. "I won't tell him anything more than you have already given him to understand," he replied at last. Then Jim came to claim me.

"Anne, I've a splendid idea. We can't have Terry eating his dinner alone tonight. So we'll let Jennie go back in the car with Norreys and Rev. Plympton while you and I will stay and return by train, or ride back in the car we came down in and return it to Terry in the morning.

A New Complication. "How dear of you, Jimmie!" I "Terry will love your thinking of that."

But Dr. Lucas broke in: "Not necessary, Harrison * * * think I'll let the groom have his supper with the bride. It won't be likely to hurt her, and something is due him after all. These are pretty trying circumstances for

Then he marched away. Jim flushed and stared after him angrily: "Wonder if he'll take offense if

we stay at the inn and see Terry through a lonely evening, then?" "Maybe Terry doesn't want us," I ventured.

"Maybe you know Terry better than I do," bantered Jim. "Ready to start, folks?" sang out Anthony Norreys. "Or shall we wait for Terry?. Personally, I think he'd prefer to find us gone after he's banished from Paradise.'

"Come, Anne," ventured Virginia, slipping to my side. She had been very quiet and subdued all afternoon. There was a gentle, timid, spiritual quality about her now-sad, yet warmly happy for Betty. She slipped one hand through my arm and laid the other on Jim's sleeve

"Come!" she said. "We're not going in that car," said Jim, tersely. "Why? You came down in it," "Had to-for Terry. That's dif-

said Virginia in amazement. ferent. Anne's here now," stammered Jim, and patched out his words, "Want to wait for Terry? Stand by!" So that was it! Jim wouldn't

ride with me in Anthony Norreys' car. I wondered how much Virginia fathomed of her brother's strange attitude. For a second her hand pressed close against my arm. Then she turned to Tony To Be Continued.

The Rhyming **Optimist**

By Aline Michaelis.

WOULD say every day bring some right good cheer. Though clouds stray on the way, sunshine's always near. Summer breeze in the trees rocks the bluebird's nest and by night starry light guards the robin's nest. Every day at their play kiddies laugh with glee, dance away, glad and gay, at their mother's knee. Mother sings tender things, loving lullables when there creep shades of sleep into drowsy eyes. Mother hears baby fears, baby griefs and woes; heals each smart by an art only mother knows. Every day there's a ray that pure joy imparts when we find friendships twined close about our hearts. Life would be mockery lacking friendship's cheer. Every day there's a way to make friends more dear. Flowers and song help along on the daily road, and the bliss of love's kiss lifts a heavy load. To and fro lovers go and their joy beguiles, everywhere they may fare, saddest hearts to smiles For they see, rosily, every cloud must pass. They can tell all is well, looking through love's glass. Every day, as I say, brings its freight of cheer if we try we can spy sunshine all the year. Summer time, winter time, life is full of joy; just forget grief and fret. trouble and annoy. Every day cast away little scraps of care that you hoard closely stored to your bosom there. Learn that grief must be brief, clasp each joy full long. Kiss away tears that stray make your life a song. Soon you'll see you can be happy as a king, every day'll glide away swift as pird on wing.

Hygienic Precautions.

Tadgley Mr Smith is simply mad on the subject of germs, and aterilizes or filters everything in the house.

Hobbs How does she get along with her husband? Tadgley-Oh, even their relations are strained!

When a Girl Marries Unusual Hats of Smart Design from Paris



Puss in Boots Jr.

DUSS JUNIOR and Mr. Watts were walking along one day together. Who Mr. Watts is am going to sing you a Mother Goose song, and it's not very short and it's not very long! Well, just

then a cross-looking woman ap-

peared in the doorway of a small

By David Cory.

cottage and said: Good Mr. Watts, We are troubled with rats, Will you drive them out of the house?" But Good Mr. Watts said:

"We have mice, too, in plenty, That feast in the pantry; But let them stay, And nibble away: What harm is there in a little brown Which showed what a kindhearted man he was. But the cross little old woman didn't think so.

"You're a very disobliging sort of person," she said, and slammed the "She should have asked you," said Mr. Watts with a smile at Puss. "You can catch mice. I warrant." "I'm a bit out of practice," admitted Puss Junior. "You see, I've

been a traveler so long that I've forgotten how to be a hunter." Just than a little brown mouse ran out of the house and said to Puss Junior. "I'm the little mouse under the

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Watts in amazement.

"Have you forgotten your Mother Goose?" asked Puss Junior. "Don't you remember the pussy cat who went to London to see the Qucen, and the little mouse she frightened under the chair?" "Ah, to be sure. Is this the little

mouse?" inquired good Mr. Watts. with a smile. It was strange that she was not afraid of Puss Junior. but you see the little characters in Mother Goose love Puss Junior just as much as you and I de, for the friends we make in childhood are the sweetest of all. "Won't you take me back to Lon-

don?" said the little Brown Mouse to Puss Junior. "The cross worman hates me and I'm in fear of my

"Har! Ha!" laughed Puss Junior, not because of what she said, but because he thought it was so funny for a cat and a mouse to be traveling together. "I beg your pardon, I was laughing at the idea of a cat and a mouse traveling together; not, my dear Miss Mousie, at your troubles. Come with me, you wish, for I'm on my way to London Town.' And next time you shall hear

what happened after that. (To Be Continued.)

The Income Tax.

The English income tax, first imposed by Pitt in 1798 as a war tax, was abolished at the Peace of Amiens in 1801, and again imposed on the resumption of hostilities in 1803. At the downfall of Napoleon it ceased to be levied for twenty-six years-1816-1842-when it was reimposed by Sir Robert Peel, in June 1842, at seven pence in the pound and produced about five million pounds. As showing the rapid advance of the country in prosperity the tax which produced about seven hundred and ten thousand pounds for each penny of tax in 1842 yielded two million six hundred and ninety-one thousand four houndred and twenty-two pounds per penny in 1909-1910, and at the present time considerably over three million pounds for each penny.

No Choice.

A curly-haired boy came running to his father in the study, and, throwing his arms about his fa ther's neck, whispered confidentially in his ear, "Oh, papa, it's rainning!" Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters outside, so he said rather sharply. "Weil, let it rain" "Yes, papa, I was going to let it!" was the quick response.

Self-Made Failures

THEY MAKE THEIR OWN EXCUSES. But the Business Women Who Suc

ceed, Work with all Their Energy with a Large Goal in View

How To Treat Fever

By Eleanor Gilbert. (Author of "The Ambitious Woman in Business.)

the hat

to the left

a distinct

style and

the grape

trimming

on the hat

66T'M so tired of uplift talks," mourned the disappointed business woman. I'm a-weary of the tales of successful women who arrived by mixing a pound of ambition and a pound of pluck, getting up at 6 o'clock every morning and working twelve hours a day, so that at the age of forty they had their full names lithographed on the company's letterheads.

"My work is so different. My difficulties are different from most business women's. The things that made Miss Jones a success in department store work don't help me a bit in my work in a wholesale jewelry firm. But if you could find out what makes women fail I could put my finger more definitely on many of my own shortcomings. Thereupon the Business Girl who had failed was sought out and confessions obtained. Why is she never content when at work-and often not at work at all? Why hasn't she progressed at even a snail's pace? Why has she no prospects?

Here are a few of the self-con fessed failings: 1. She entered business without thought as to what she was best adapted for, but simply took the first job that offered. 2. Lack of concentration on the

By Brice Belden, M. D.

EVER is due to a disturbance

between the production and elimi-

nation of heat. The disturbance

results from depression caused by

toxins circulating in the blood.

These toxins are derived from in-

other words, a sudden fall, or by

lysis, which means a gradual fall.

which causes a lessening of the

body bulk, perhaps to the point of

emanciation; the secretions of the

stomach and intestines are less-

ened; the kidney secretion be-

comes seanty and concentrated and

hence dark colored-concentrated

because of the excessive tissue

waste and the lessening of the

watery constituent: there is a de-

struction of the red blood cells and

Fever patients should be kept

quiet, because if the fever lasts

very long and there is much toxemia

(bacterial poisons in the blood) the

heart will suffer and exertion or the

upright position will increase its

Excitement must be avoided as a

Fever increases tissue waste,

Fever terminates by crisis.

fectious bacteria.

consequent anemia.

preventive of delirium

of the nerve centers which

maintain the normal balance

particular tack in hand.

3. The subconscious thought that the work was temporary. 4. Carelessness in keeping promises and business appointments promptly. 5. No ambition, or fixed goal in

is the

veil

hanging

from the

brim of

the hat to

the right;

the charm

To a number of women, business is but a temporary makeshift to support one's self while waiting to be supported, which accounts in a measure for less ambition in women than in men. But it is inevitable that a large proportion of women will always be self-supporting, and so every task that is under taken must have the best energy and thought a woman can give it, always with a larger and definite goal in view.

"I went to business because I loved pretty clothes and I couldn't afford them on father's allowance,' one girl complained. "I was satisfied with small positions, because I didn't want very much money. Later, when I was compelled to support myself, I found that in my heart I had never taken my work seriously. I'd been playing with it, and it's been harder for me to get down to a real business basis. "I've never made myself like work. I had to go to business when very young, while I just yearned to go through college. It was drudgery to me at first, and I'm afraid I don't love the business game yet." So it goes. What is your draw-

back? Would some other business woman's solution help you?

draughts must be avoided, so that

chilling will not cause congestion

of the internal organs; chilling con-

tracts the superficial blood vessels,

thus driving the blood to the in-

terior of the body and perhaps caus-

ing pneumonia or nephritis (inflam-

fect upon the nervous system and

reduce fever; they promote the

circulation of the blood and hence

aid the elimination of toxins; and

they keep the skin in good condi-

tion, thus preventing pressure sores.

supply the tissues, to wash out

waste and poisons, and to flush the

kidneys and lessen, through dilu-

tion, the irritation of those organs

by the poisons they are called upon

food must be given. The mouth

must be cleansed before feeding as

well as after. Mouth cleansing pre-

vents unhealthful accumulations,

ulceration, and car infection. After

the cleansing apply a lubricant to

the lips to prevent dryness and

All utensils used must be steril-

A sufficiency of easily digested

Water must be given freely to

Cold baths have a sedative ef-

mation of the kidneys).

to eliminate.

cracking.

vided to prevent restlessness, but | ings by investing in W. S. S.

ized regularly.

Flowers plans whereby all kinds of

cut blossoms may be kept in a nice fresh condition for weeks.

and into these put two or three inches of sand, well moistened. Then secure a number of glass shades for these; empty jam jars, tumblers, or anything of this sort may be employed. During the daytime the cut flowers are used in the ordinary way about the house, but at night they are all collected from the vases. Push the stalks of the blossoms into the damp sand, and then cover the groups of flowers, placing the dishes away on the

Next day the flowers may be taken out and placed about the house again, and at night they are returned to the dishes. Anyone who has not tried this plan will be surprised how much longer the flowers will last than if they are left for days in the vases.

When the petals of the flowers are of a thick nature-such as is often the case with those produced by bulbs like hyacinths-an even simpler way is to put all the blossoms in a dish of water each night. The flowers are just put into the dish, and water is then poured over them, and the whole thing is placed aside. If this practice is followed it will very much lengthen the life of the blossoms.

Another plan is that of putting the blooms into tins, when they are not actually in use. It is important to see that the lids fit tightly, and when the blossoms are placed in boxes they should be free from any surface moisture.

Here, again, the flowers may be simply put into tins at night and brought into the vases during the day. On the other hand, this is a splendid way of keeping flowers for a special event. If you shut up some fresh flowers in a tin and keep them in a cool place you will find at the end of several weeks that the blooms are still in nice condition. In many cases, by the use of

camphor in the water in the vases, t is possible to lengthen the life of the cut blossom. Put a small lump into the water of each vase, and this, when dissolved, will have a wonderful effect in stimulating the cells of the stalk to draw up moisture. A weak solution of camphor and water, slightly warmed, is also valuable for the reviving of wilted blossoms.

Value of the Hand. In many cases surgeons have to

estimate the chances of saving injured hands and the comparative value of hands and fingers. According to a scale of value furnished by the miners' unions and miners' accident insurance companies of a European country, the loss of both hands is valued at 100 per cent in the ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 or 80 per cent. while the loss of the left hand represents from 60 to 70 per cent of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from 20 to 30 per cent of the earn-The first finger of the right hand is valued at from 14 to 18 per cent, that of the left hand at from 8 to 13% per cent. middle finger is worth from 18 to to per cent. The third finger stands least of all in value-alhough, like other useless members of the community, it is surrounded by riches, its value is only from 7 to 9 per cent. The little finger is worth from 3 to 12 per cent. The difference in the percentage is oc-Don't let carefeas expenditure casioned by the difference in the make a steve of your purse. Buy trade, the first finger being for in-Fresh, cool air must be pro- wisely and increase your money hold- stance, more valuable to a writer than to a digger.

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Henry Is Arrested and Thrown Into Stocks, But Is Freed by **American Aviator**

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buceaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvares Torres, a Sauth American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the eld pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan salis for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks anfety aboard his vessel, the Angalique.

Francis learns he and Herry, the mysterious inlander, are both descendants of Pirate Mergan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his place. Leoneia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save leary.

Francis, Geonica and Henry etude their enemies and go aboard Francis they came upon treasure. Francis and his priends again find themselves pursued and former battles with foes to sease.

All members to escape.

All members to escape.

All members to the party are captured. Henry and Jeffe descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds custodian of pirate treasure. They fall into a trap.

Old Friest's Chant fails to bring kay to farture from Chia's ear. Francis

fall into a tray.

Old Priest's Chant falls to bring key to fortune from Chia's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. One of party falls to death. Henry goes for help.

Long after the slesta hour, on his third and most reluctant mule, Henry rode into sleepy San Antonio. In the main street, midway between the court and the jail, he pulled up at sight of the Jefe Politico and the little fat old judge, with, at their heels, a dozen gendarmes and a couple of wretched prisonersrunaway peons from the Henequen plantations at Santos. While the judge and the Jefe listened to Henry's tale and appeal for help, the Jefe gave one slow wink to the judge, who was his judge, his crea-

ture, body and soul to him. "Yes, certainly we will help you," the Jefe said at the end, stretching his arms and yawning.

gether and start?" Henry demanded "As for that, we are very busyare we not, honorable judge?" the

Jefe replied with lazy insolence. Perhaps by Christmas. "We are very busy," the judge yawned into Henry's face. "Too busy for a time," the Jefe went on. "We regret that not tomorrow nor next day shall we be able to try and rescue your Gringos. Now, a little later ---

"Say next Christmas," the judge suggested. "Yes," concurred the Jefe with grateful bow. "About next Christmas come around and see us, and, if the pressure of our affairs has somewhat eased, then, maybe possibly, we shall find it convenient to go about beginning to attempt to

raise the expedition you have requested. In the meantime, goodday to you, Senor Morgan," "You mean that?" Henry manded with wrathful face. "The very face he must have worn when he slew Senor Alforo Solano treacherously from the back," the Jefe soliloquised omin-

But Henry ignored the latter in-"I'll tell you what you are," he flamed in righteous wrath. "Beware!" the judge cautioned

"I snap my finger at you," Henry retorted. "You have no power over me. I am a full-pardoned man by the President of Panama himself. And this is what you are. You are half-breds. You are mongrel pigs." "Pray proceed, Senor," said the Jefe with the suave politeness of

deathly rage. "You've neither the virtues of the Spaniard nor of the Carib, but the vices of both thrice compounded. Mongrel pigs, that's what you are and all you are, the pair of "Are you through, Senor-quite

through?" the Jefe queried softly. At the same moment he gave a signal to the gendarmes, who spang upon Henry from behind and disarmed him. "Even the president of the republic of Panama cannot pardon in

anticipation of a crime not yet committed—am I right, judge?" said the Jefe, "This is a fresh offense," the judge took the cue promptly. "This Gringo dog has blasphemed against

the law." "Then shall he be tried, now, right here, immediately. We will not bother to go back and reopen court. We shall try him, and when we have disposed of him we shall

proceed. I have a very good bottle of wine-"I care not for wine," the judge disclaimed hastily. "Mine shall be mescal. And in the meantime, and now, having been both witness and victim of the offense and there being no need of evidence further than what I aiready possess, I find the prisoner guilty. Is there anything you would suggest, Senor Mariano

Vercara e "Hijos?" "Twenty-four hours in the stocks to cool his heated Gringo head," the Jefe answered. "Such is the sentence," the judge

affirmed, "to begin at once. Take the prisoner away, gendarmes, and net him in the stocks. Daybreak found Henry in the stocks with a dozen hours of such imprisonment aiready behind him, lying on his back asleep. But the sleep was restless, being vexed subjectively by nightmare dreams of his mountain-imprisoned com-

panions and, objectively, by the stings of the countless mosquitoes So it was, twisting and squirming and striking at the winged pests, he awoke to full consciousness of his predicament. And this awoke the full expression of his profamity frictated beyond endurance by the poison from a thousand

so largely with his curses as to attract the attention of a man carrying a bag of tools.

This was a trim-figure, eaglefaced young man, clad in the military garb of an aviator of the United States army. He deflected his course so as to come by the stocks, and paused and listened, and stared with quissical admira-

"Friend," he said, when Henry ceased to catch breath, "last night, when I found myself marconed here with half my outfit left on board I did a bit of swearing myself. But it was only a trifle compared with yours. I salute you, sir. You've an army teamster skinned a mile. Now, if you don't mind running over the string again, I shall be better equipped the next time I want to do any cussing." "And who are you?" Henry demanded. "And what are you doing

"I don't blame you," the aviator grinned. "With a face awollen like that you've a right to be rude. And who beat you up? In hell, I haven't ascertained my status yet. But here on earth I am known as Parsons, Lieutenant Parsons, I am not doing anything in hell as yet; but here in Panama I am scheduled to fly across this day from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Is there any

way I may serve you before I "Sure." Henry nodded. "Take tool out of that bag of yours and smash this padlock. Pll get rhoumatism if I have to stick here much longer. My name's Morgan, and no man has beaten me up. Those are mosquito-bites."

With several blows of a wrench Lieutenant Parsons smashed the ancient padlock and helped Henry to his feet. Even while rubbing the circulation back into his foot and ankles Henry, in a rush, was telling the army aviator of the predicament and possibly tragic disaster to Leoncia and Francis.

"I love that Francis," he concluded. "He is the dead spit of my-We're more like twins, and we must be distantly related. for the senorita, not only do I love her, but I am engaged to marry her. Now will you help? Where's the machine? It takes a long time to get to the Maya mountain on fost or mule back; but if you give me a lift in your machine I'd be there in no time, along with a hundred sticks of dynamite, which you could procure for me and with which I could blow the side out of that mountain and drain off the water."

Lieutenant Parsons hesitated. "Say yes, Mignon; say yes," Henry pleaded.

. Back in the heart of the sacred nountain the three imprisoned ones found themselves in total darkness the instant the stone that blocked the exit from the idol chamber had settled into place. Francis and Leoncia groped for each other and touched hands. In another moment his arm was around her, and the deliciousness of the contact robbed the situation of half its horror. Near them they could hear Torres breathing heavily. At last he mut-

"Mother of God, but that was a close shave! What next, I wonder?" "There'll be many nexts before we get out of this neck of the woods," Francis assured him. "And we might as well start getting

The method of procedure was quickly arranged. Placing Leoncia behind him, her hand clutching the hem of his jacket so as to be guided by him, he moved ahead with his left hand in contact with the wall. Abreast of him Torres felt his way along the right-hand wall. By their voices they could thus keep track of each other, measure

the width of the passage and guard

against being separated into forked passages. Fortunately the tunnel, for tunnel it truly was, had a smooth floor so that, while they groped their way, they did not stumble. Francis refused to use his matches unless extremity arose, and took precaution against falling into a possible pit by cautiously advancing one foot at a time and

ascertaining solid atone under it ere putting on his weight. As a result their progress was slow. At no greater speed than half a mile an hour did they proceed. Once only did they encounter branching passages. Here he lighted a precious match from his waterproof case and found that between the two passages there was

nothing to choose. They were as like as two peas. "The only way is to try one," he concluded, "and, if it gets us nowhere to retrace and try the other There's one thing certain; these passages lead somewhere, or the Mayas wouldn't have gone to all the trouble of making them"

Ten minutes later he halted suddenly and cried a warning. The foot he had advanced was suspended in emptiness where the floor should have been. Another watch was struck, and they found themselves on the edge of a natural cavern of such proportions that neither to right nor left, nor up and down, nor acress, could the tiny flame expose any limits to it. But they did manage to make out a rough sort of stairway, haifnatural, half-improved by man, which fell away beneath them into

the pit of black. In another hour, having followed the path down the length of the floor of the cavers, they were rewarded by a feeble glimmer of rew stronger as they advanced. Before they knew it they had come to the source of it-being much nearer than they had judged; and Francis, tearing away vines and shrubbery, crawled out into the biase of the afternoon

mesquite-bites, he filed the dawn (TO BE CONTINUED MONDATA

who has had experience in army a frue picture of over there, and will be hailed with